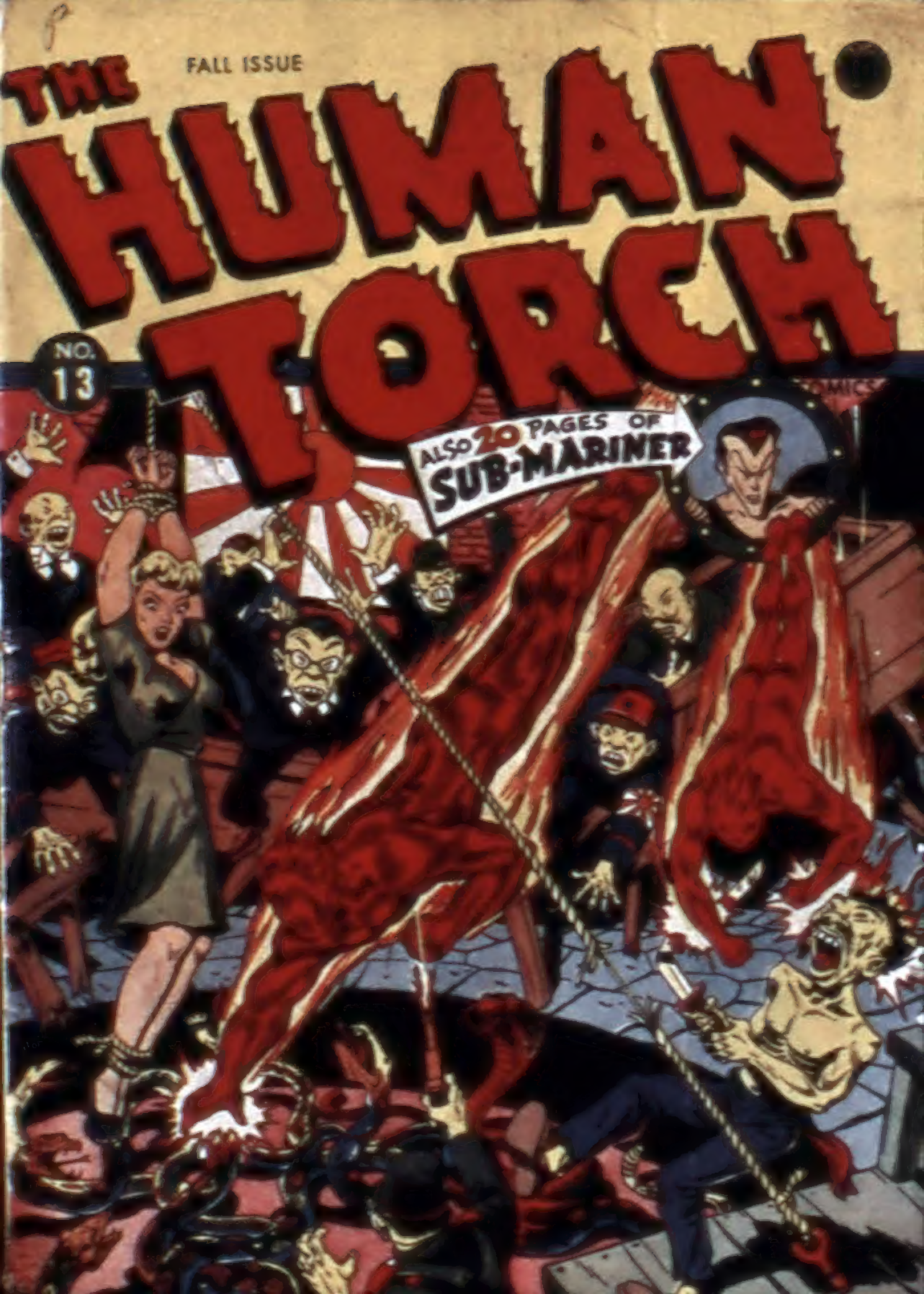
FALL ISSUE

THE HUMAN TORCH

NO. 13

ALSO 20 PAGES OF SUB-MARINER



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HUMAN TORCH
DEAD END
1000 LBS.
1000 LBS.
THE COUNTRY IS SHAKEN BY A MYRIAD OF PETTY CRIMES - WITHOUT RHYME OR REASON UNTIL TORCH AND TORO START TO INVESTIGATE AND MEET (THE END!)

COMIC ART COLLECTION

"CLAMP" CASEY WAS A TOUGH GANG LEADER --- TOO TOUGH AND CRUEL SO FAR AS HIS MEN WERE CONCERNED. HIS DICTATORIAL METHODS WERE UNBEARABLE --AND SO THEY WERE DRIVEN TO ACT!
WHAT'S THIS, A MUTINY? HA! HA! NOW STAND BACK YOU RATS, BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS HURT!
NOT THIS TIME, CLAMP --YOU'RE THROUGH!
THE DYNAMIC "CLAMP" ACTS --
THROUGH AM I? HA! HA! DIE YOU DOGS! DIE! HA! HA!
BUT CLEARLY CASEY'S ONE-MAN MASSACRE BACKFIRES --THEY HAD FILLED HIS GUN WITH BLANKS --
HUH-- YOU'RE STILL STANDING! HA! HA! YOU'RE DEAD! ALL OF YOU! HA! HA! KEEP BACK!
YOU'RE FINISHED, CLAMP! YOU'VE DAMNED FOR A MURDER HERE!
NO! NO-- HELP! HELP!
TRICK HIM MEN!
HEL--
"CLAMP" CASEY, ARCH CRIMINAL DICTATOR OF THE UNDERWORLD IS TAKEN FOR HIS LAST RIDE--
WHY DIDN'T YOU SNIVELING HEARTLESS KILL ME WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE?
WE'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS A LONG TIME, CLAMP. LET'S MAKE OUR RUN-- FASTER, MARK!
THE CARAVAN OF DEATH COMES TO A HALT AT THE EDGE OF DEVIL'S DROP --AND PREPARE CLAMP'S "SEND-OFF"!
AS YOU GO-- THE DRIVER OF YOUR OWN HEARSE, HA-HA!
YEAH-- AND THIS GASOLINE'LL FIX YOU IN CASE YOU GET COLD FEET ON YOUR WAY DOWN! HA! HA!
NO--- PLEASE!
THE GAS IS TOUCHED OFF AND "CLAMP" IS ON HIS WAY!
DOWN GOES CASEY! TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF --- WHILE WE GO ON ALONE! HA! HA!
EEGAD!

LIKE A HURTLING METEOR --- "CLAMP" CRASHES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF IN A TERRIFIC BURST OF FLAME AND TWISTED METAL!
THE DICTATOR IS DEAD! LONG LIVE CRIME!
WHAM!
THE FLAMING, RAGHED, AND BROKEN DEATH CAR HITS THE BLACK WATERS WITH A HORRIFYING HISS TO SETTLE TO THE DEPTHS FOREVER ---
HISSSS!
THE JUBILANT CRIMINALS CELEBRATE FAR INTO THE NIGHT ---
WE ARE FREE - EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSS!
DEMOCRATIC CRIME! HA! HA! HA!
THERE FOLLOWS A SERIES OF SLOPPY UNORGANIZED, SMALL CRIMES ---
--- WHICH FINALLY REACHES THE ATTENTION OF THE FLAME MASTERS, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TOMO!
LOOKS LIKE A STORE WINDOW'S BEEN BLOWN IN!
YET --- AND AT WIDELY SEPARATED POINTS! THERE'S MORE THAN ONE GANG AT WORK IN THIS TOWN! WOOD! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
3

IT'S A JEWELRY SHOP ROBBERY, TORCH -- PROBABLY CLAMS CASEY'S MOB!
PRETTY CRUDE FOR CASEY, TORO! EXPLOSIONS AROUND JEWELS! HMM..
HELP! POLICE! THAT CAR!
AFTER 'EM, KIDDO!
YOU BET!
PULL OVER, SWEET HEART!
AWK! GIVE IT THE GAS! WE CAN OUT RUN 'EM!
SORRY, MISTER -- BUT YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT!
THE STEERING WHEEL BECOMES TOO HOT TO HANDLE --
WHE!
SOME GUYS NEVER LEARN! PULL 'EM OUT FAST, TORO!
GAWSH!
TURNING THEIR FLAMES OFF OUR FIERY FRIENDS GAVE THE WORTHLESS LIVES OF THE CROOKS!
MINE'S OUT COLD, TORCH!
SAME HERE -- AND I WANTED TO HAVE WORDS WITH THEM -- TOO BAD!
TORCH TURNS THE CROOKS OVER TO THE LAW.
PROBABLY CLAMS CASEY'S MEN, BUT--
CASEY? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? HIS MOB REVOLTED -- CUT HIM TO RIBBONS! HE'S BEEN DEAD ALMOST A WEEK NOW, BURNED, BROKEN, AND DROWNED!
NICE BOYS!

WHERE TO NOW, TOAD?
POLICE HEADQUARTERS --SEEMS LIKE WE'RE A LITTLE BEHIND IN THE LATEST DISPATCHES FROM THE UNDERWORLD!
NOW TO SEE CHIEF WINTHAT. FUNNY WE DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT CRIME'S ORATH BEFORE THIS.
HOPE HE'S IN!
AT THE DESK--
THANK, OFFICER.
CHIEF WINTERS? HE'S ON THE ROOF TAKING A SUN BATH. THE ELEVATOR'S RIGHT THERE!
--BUT WE DON'T NEED THE ELEVATOR!
WHAT IN--? OH--IT'S TOAD AND TOAD!
THERE'S THE CHIEF NOW. NO WONDER THERE'S SO MUCH CRIME!
THAT'S NOT FAIR, TOAD--WE MIGHT HAVE HIT OPEN TOPS. (LET'S SURRENDER AND PUT HIS)
GREAT GOOFBALL! THE JOINT'S HOT TODAY! WHEW! I...
BOO!
WHA--?! BLAST YOU TWO PORTABLE HEATING SYSTEMS!! IT'S A GOOD THING I HAVE A STRONG HEART!
EASY, CHIEF--JUST CLOWNING!

CLOWNING, EH? A MAN CAN'T TAKE A MINUTE'S REST IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WITHOUT SOME RAG...
TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET, WINNIE. WE'VE REALLY COME ON BUSINESS!
BUSINESS? WHAT BUSINESS?
THE BUSINESS OF CLAMP CASEY'S LAST RIDE, CHIEF! WHAT'S THE STORY?
YEA - WASN'T HE A SORT OF FUEHRER TO HIS BOYS?
FUEHRER? YES -- DICTATOR -- ANY NAME LIKE THAT FITTED HIM - AND HIS WILD LUST FOR POWER NETTED HIM THE SAME FATE ALL DICTATORS GET IN DUE TIME!
YES, WE PICKED UP TWO OF HIS FORMER MOBSTERS LAST NIGHT - I HAVEN'T HAD ANY REST IN A WEEK. THEY'RE RUNNING WILD! IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH TO GET THE FACTS OUT OF THEM!
BLACK SHEEP WITHOUT A SHEPARD, EH?
JUST ABOUT, TORCH - IT WASN'T SO BAD WATCHING OUT FOR LARGE SINGLE CRIMES IN THE PAST. BUT NOW - TWENTY SMALL CRIMES GOING ON IN TWENTY PLACES AT THE SAME TIME! WOW!
WELL, WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN TO HELP, CHIEF. AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT CASEY ANY MORE!
THANKS TORCH, TORO -- LOTS OF LUCK!
THEY'RE A GREAT PAIR, THOSE TWO. TOO BAD I DON'T KNOW FIFTY MORE LIKE 'EM!

AFTER A FULL AFTERNOON OF HUNTING.
IT'S LIKE LOOKING FOR MICE WITH AN ELEPHANT GUN - I'M THROUGH!
THERE'S A DINER. LET'S GRAB A HAMBURGER!
SO CASEY'S GONE, EH? HE WAS QUITE A CHARACTER!
SMART APPLE - A LITTLE BIT TOO SMART, I GUESS!
YET - AND IF YOU'RE ALL SMART, YOU'LL DO AS I SAY! PUT YOUR HANDS UP! FAST!
UH-UH! - PUT YOUR HANDS UP KID - THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!
WELL... OKAY, BUT...
SHH - HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE US. WE'LL LET HIM LEAD US TO HIS HANDS OUT!
I GOTCHA... THEN WE'LL SEE WHO THE NEW BOSS IS... IF ANY!
KEEP 'EM HIGH!
THE THIEF MAKES A FAST GETAWAY!
POLICE! ROBBERY! - WHY DIDN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?!
YOU LOOKED PRETTY SCARED YOURSELF, FRIEND! AFTER HIM YOU, TWO!
NOT FOR A MINUTE -
THE RUNT MASTER! THAT'S UP THE CHUTE...
TOO BAD HE COULDN'T HELP THAT COUNTERMAN...
HE'LL GET HIS MONEY BACK - WE'RE AFTER BIGGER THINGS RIGHT NOW!

A SHORT TIME LATER OVER THE CITY -
I DID A MOMENT AGO - IT WENT UP THAT DEAD-END STREET! LET'S DROP DOWN AND TAKE A LOOK-
SEE THE CAR?
IT'S A DEAD-END STREET, ALL RIGHT! BUT LOOK-- SOMEONE'S MOVED THE STREET SIGN--
THAT'S DANGEROUS! A CAR COULD DRIVE RIGHT INTO THE- UH-UH!
TORCH'S HUNCH WAS RIGHT!
THAT ONLY SPOT- THERE'S WHERE THE CAR WENT TOPO!
BUT I DON'T GET- SHH! THOUGHT I HEARD A MOAN--
A RAPID SEARCH DISCLOSES-
THERE'S OUR THIEF - BUT HE'S THROUGH FOREVER!
SAY, THIS CAN'T BE SUICIDE! LOOK, TORCH!
TORCH POINTS TO THE WORDS - CUT INTO THE WOOD OF THE "DEAD-END" SIGN.
WHAT DOES IT MEAN, TORCH?
I HAVE A FEELING IT MEANS A- GREAT DEAL!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
BE CAREFUL, TORCH --- BECAUSE YOU'RE RIGHT!
6

AN HOUR LATER - AND ANOTHER DEAD END MURDER - ON A DARK ROAD FIRING!
TOO LATE TO HELP HIM!
- AND THERE WAS THE END MESSAGE AGAIN - WHAT WAS THERE?
WE'LL SEE WHAT CHIEF WINTERS HAS TO SAY ABOUT ALL THIS!
IN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE
"DAVE" IS FOLLOWING WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE BOMB
THE LAST SHOT
"I'LL BE CRAZY - TO HEAR IT ON A POLICE MAN'S CLAIM CASEY WAS...
RETURNED FROM THE SAME DIMENSION OUT OF WHICH HE CAME
HA HA
LET'S TURN THE HANDS OF TIME BACK A WEEK - AND SEE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED
SEEMS THE FIEND ONLY PLANNED AGGRAVATION WAS NOT PRESENT THE HEAVY DUTY CAR WRECKED THE BALL AND THE PIER DOCKED THE FIEND
THE WRECK FLOATED DUE TO POCKETS OF AIR ALL RIGHT... FINALLY COMING TO REST IN A SILICONE CAR DOWNSTREAM. AS DAWN BREAKS THE HEAVY SILENCE IS BROKEN BY A LOW MOAN...

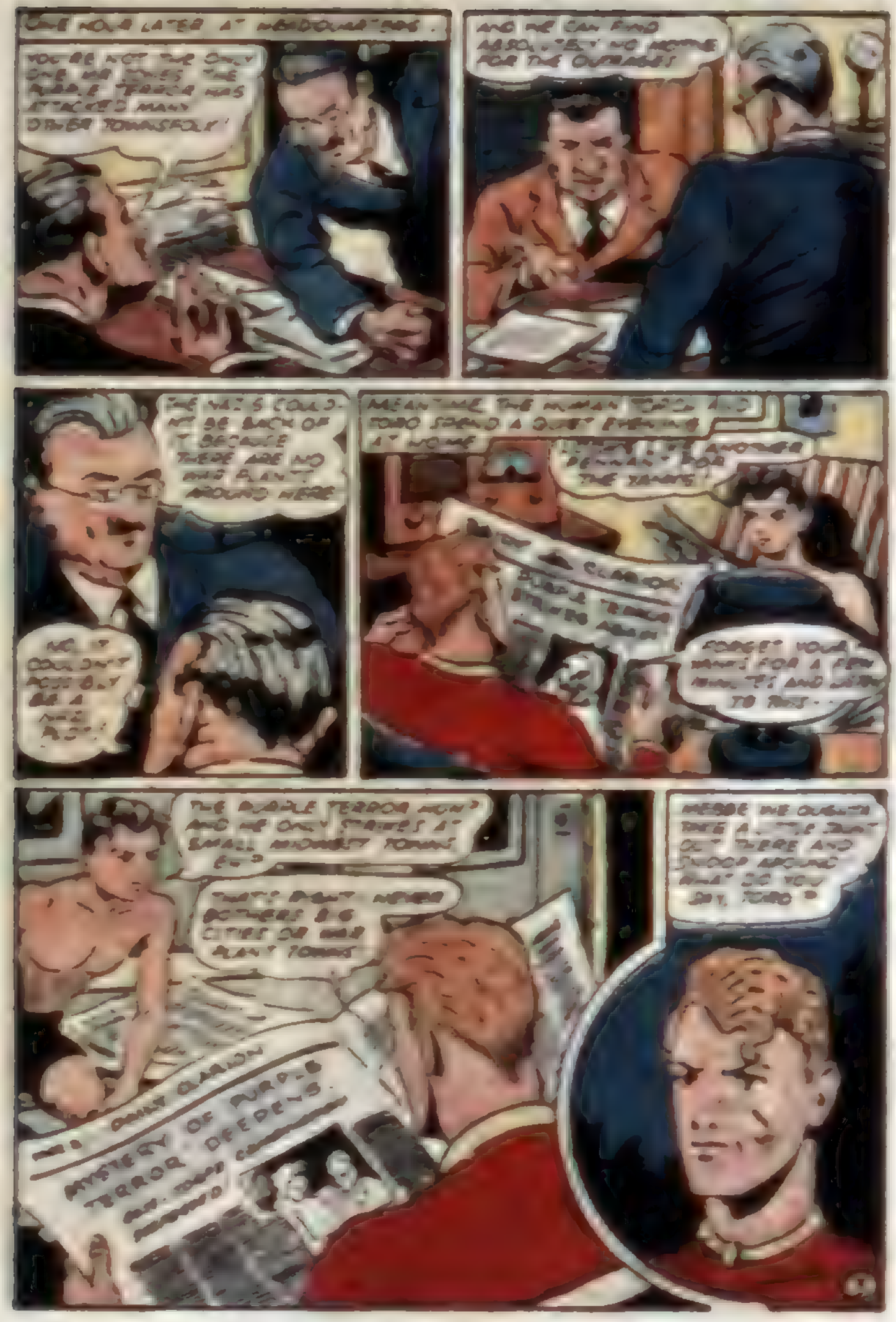
I DON'T THINK I'LL BE GOING
THANK GODNESS!
HURRY BACK TO LIFE, DEPUTY
THE OLD BOMB! IT'S FROM
BUT IT MAY
HOW'LL I LOOK, DOC?
HEAVEN ONLY
NO! YOU'RE
TOO-TOO
I CAN'T
ALLOW YOU TO
GO OUT INTO
THE WORLD-
YOU'RE A
MONSTER!
CAN'T ALLOW IT?
HA HA YOU FOOL!
DIE - HA HA!
AND SO - THE HIDEOUSLY REALISTIC
CRIMINAL ESCAPES TO WREAK
HIS MAD VENGEANCE AGAINST
AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD

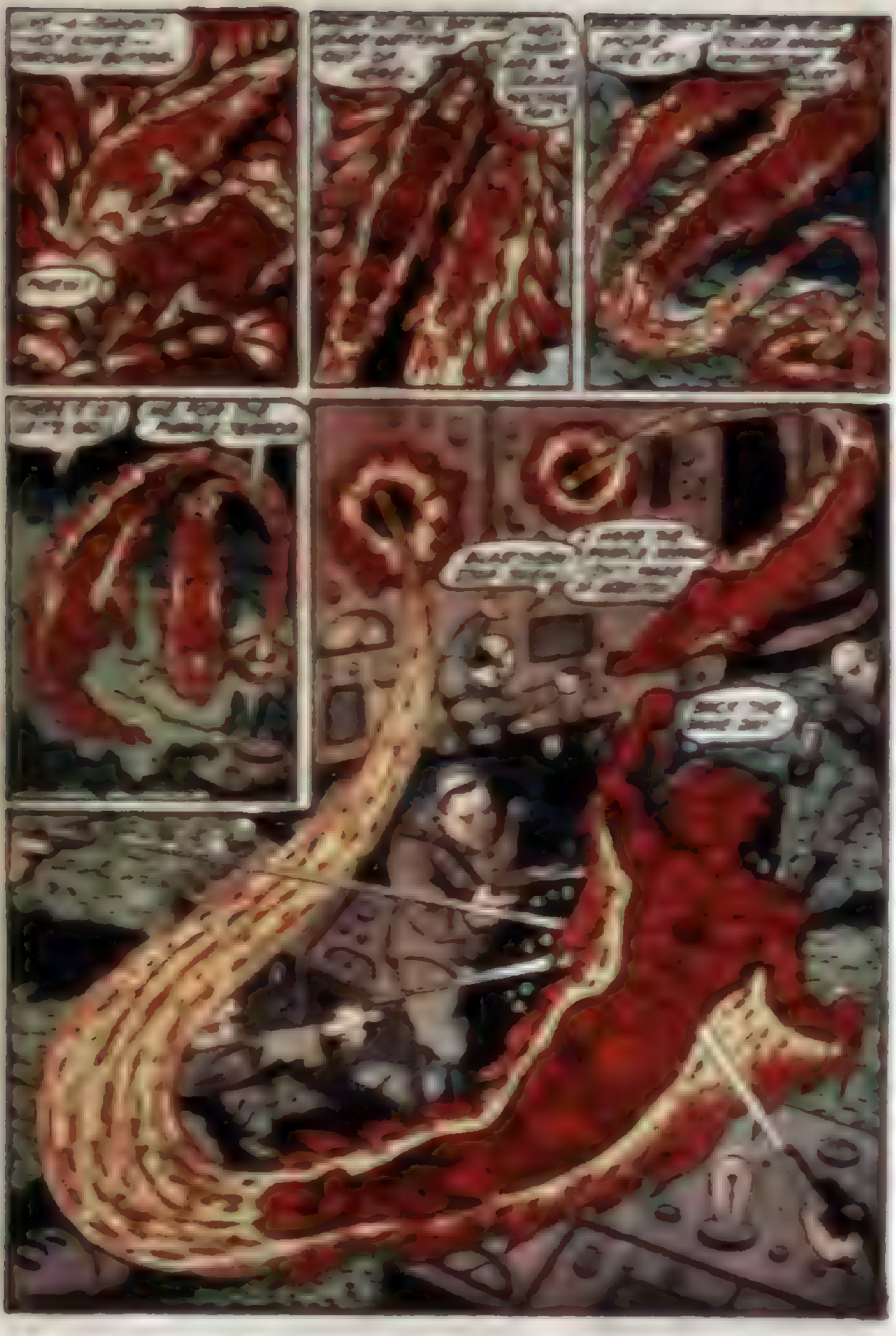
THEY HAD TO BE TO MEET THE END— WELL, I HAVE! BUT NOW THEY SHALL MEET HIM! FOR ME, I WILL BE THE END. I AM THE END!
YES! DOES ANYONE THE MEANING OF THE END!
NOW LET'S RETURN TO THE SCENE IN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE!
--AND HERE'S THE LAST VICTIM! WAS I RIGHT CHIEF?
LOOK'S THAT WAY - ALL FORMER MEMBERS OF CATSY GANG! I'M GOING TO CALL UP THE RIOT SQUAD AND--
23
OK - WE'LL HAVE A WILD NIGHT - WHY NOT LET TOPO AND ME HANDLE IT TONIGHT!
WELL - ALL RIGHT BUT DON'T COME BACK EMPTY HANDED!
THE DOOR-KEEPER'S RUNNING TOWARDS THE LAST CAMP CHIEF'S HIDEOUT--
YEAH - WE LOOK WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE ROOM! IT HAS A PLANE!
YES, TOPO - A PLANE! AND -- NOBODY TO REACH THE END FROM THE AIR!
ACTION, MY DOG!
TO THE END, DOG! YOUR EYES ON ME!
CHIEF!
ME, A PLANE!
THE VICTIM ESCAPED -- BUT WHAT'S PLAN? HIS PLANE? OUT OF DOGE! HOW TO SAVE IT!
HURRY, TOPO!
AS YOU--
ALL RIGHT!
WELL MAKE IT, I HOPE!
THERE! HEY!
WOOF!

A FEW SECONDS LATER --
YOU OKAY, KIDDO?
YEAH... BUT DARN, WE'VE LOST HIM AGAIN! LET'S GO!
THE MEN WE SAVED SHOT AFF AFTER THE REST OF THE GANG AND THEY'RE HIDING OUT IN THAT MOVIE HOUSE BELOW.
WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT A PERFECT PLACE FOR THE END! AT LEAST I HOPE!
IN THE PROJECTION BOOTH
THAT'S FOR US, TODD!
THE PICTURE WILL BE OVER IN ONE MINUTE. BE SURE TO BE IN THE BALCONY!
GOTCHA, ALL - AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
THE END
LOOK OUT - IT'S HIM!
EEEEK!
GET HIM, KID!
RIGHT WITH YOU!
REACHING THE BALCONY THEY SEE THE END FLASH ON THE SCREEN AND THE END IN PERSON ON THE STAGE!
TORCH AND TODD ZOOM AT THE END -- TURNING THEIR FLAME'S ACE ONLY AT THE LAST SECOND --
ROARR!
WOOSH!
BLAST!
MMM!
THE POLICE ARRIVE AND THAT'S OVER --
I GUESS HE HAS IT COMING, ALL RIGHT!
THANKS TO YOU-TODD - WE'LL PAY FOR THIS ONE!
CAPTAIN MARTIN
MONDAY - THE NEXT MORNING
OH-OH! LISTEN TO THIS, TODD --
WELL - THAT'S IT -- THE END OF THE END!
MAIL CHECK
"THE END - FANTASTIC EVENING - FANTASTIC ACTS! HIS END OF HIS CAT - AT THE END OF A FURIOUS END!"
3

HUMAN TORCH
PURPLE GHOST
AND HIS
REIGN OF TERROR!

THE HECK WITH WHAT AS LONG AS THERE'S A PINT OF IRE!
YOU KNOW, MOTHER, I'M GETTING SO I LIKE THESE MEATLESS MEALS!
A GHASTLY CREATURE APPEARS OUT OF THE DARKNESS
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING! MOVE OUT OF THIS TOWN AT ONCE!
REMEMBER!... YOUR FINAL WARNING!
OHH!!
AND THE NEXT MORNING...
OH MY HEAVENS, JOHN- LOOK AT THIS!
ALL OUR FURNITURE- ROTTING AWAY BEFORE OUR VERY EYES!!
THIS IS A JOB FOR THE POLICE! I'LL GO THERE AT ONCE!!


ONE HOUR LATER AT HEADQUARTERS.
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO THINKS THE HUMAN TORCH HAS ATTACKED MANY OTHER TOWNSFOLK!
AND HE CAN FIND ABSOLUTELY NO MOTIVE FOR THE OUTRAGES
THE WAY I SEE IT, IT COULDN'T BE BACK OF IT BECAUSE THERE ARE NO BIG PLANTS AROUND HERE
MEANTIME, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORRO STAND A QUIET EVENING AT HOME
I'LL BE ANYONE'S DEMON FOR THE EVENING
FORGET YOUR WORK FOR A FEW MINUTES AND COME TO BED
THE BUBBLE TERROR HUH? AND HE ONLY STRIKES AT SMALL MIDWEST TOWNS, EH?
THAT'S RIGHT HENRY BOTHERS BIG CITIES OR BIG PLANT TOWNS
MYSTERY OF PURPLE TERROR DEEPENS
WHERE THE DEVIL'S THAT LITTLE SQUIRT OUT THERE AND TORRO AROUND? WHAT DO YOU SAY, TORRO?



MEN ARE AFRAID

BIG Joe Hansen shuddered. It was either bring in Duke Jackson this time or go back to pounding a beat. And, Big Joe liked his plain-clothes job. If he were going after anyone else he would be confident of making the grade but Duke Jackson was. Duke knew Joe when they were kids and he also knew the one weak spot in Joe's otherwise impregnable makeup.

His coupe was at the curb in front of headquarters, and despite his bulk he slid behind the wheel with the agility of a male kitty practicing agility.

There was no uncertainty as to direction when the car began to move. A stoolie had passed the word to Joe that Duke was hiding out at a house on Gallows Lane. He hadn't given the information to the Captain. He was hoping someone else would get the assignment to grab Duke. Of course, if he could bring in Duke quickly another lieutenant would be pinned to his hat and that Sergeant vacancy would be looming up before him. Still his good record of arrests would mean nothing if Duke slipped him again. It was what he could do now, not what he had done that would count. A slip would put him on the sliding board.

Gallows Lane was a road that ran along the Schuylkill River for about a mile. Several small factories and two farm houses occupied the ground off the road. Joe was familiar with the territory. He knew that one of the farm houses was now dismantled for use. There was only one place for Duke to be lying low.

Joe pulled off the road a few hundred yards from his destination. His approach would have to be stealthy, for Duke would be on the alert.

THE car was cold and there was a raw odor to the rotted weeds as Joe pushed through a meadowland hard to get to the rear of the farm house.

A thin stream of smoke trailed upward from a chimney that marked the direction of a brick layer, giving the only sign of life as he reached the back door. Cautious Joe crept to a window and attempted to peer inside. The glass was dirty, the room dark, and he couldn't see a thing.

Moving back to the door he tried the latch. The door creaked open. Joe didn't like that. Either Duke was getting careless—or he was walking into a trap. Trap or not he had to get Duke. He stepped inside the doorway and waited a full two minutes in silence allowing his eyes to become accustomed to the darkness. Assuring himself that there was no one in the room, he vaulted the gun from his holster and headed for the closed door across the room.

His eyes focussed on the door, he thought he saw it move slightly. Suddenly his foot caught on something near the floor and he tripped, falling on his face. Stretching a arm's length high across a room was an old rug and one he should have been looking for.

He felt a gush of air across his neck as the door swung violently open and he heard rather than saw two figures rush toward him. His gun had fallen from his hand and slid against the baseboard, so he rolled over on his back and swung a clumsy blow in the direction of the door.

A loud grunt filled the room as his fist met flesh, then a hard object glanced off the side of his head, stunning him.

Joe was dragged into what had been a living-room and placed on a chair. His arms were forced around the back of the chair and his hands secured with his own handcuffs.

As the blur faded from his vision Joe saw Duke Jackson standing in front of him, a broad smile on his face. Duke was what many people would call good looking, but the ugly twist of his mouth was all that Joe noticed.

Another man, tall and gaunt stood beside Duke. The wicked look on his face told Joe that it was his breathlessness that had been in the way of Joe's heavy punch.

"Well, well," Duke said "so it's Big Joe the Dick again. You've pinched a lot of punks since they put you in plain clothes, but this is one punk." Duke tapped the side of his head with his index finger. "Me—I use my brain. Remember how I beat you the last time you was on my trail?"

JOE eyed Duke coolly. "I was after you for a petty robbery the last time, Duke," he said. "This time it's for murder. We-

knew you pulled that jewelry store job and bumped off the clerk."

"Watch this, Slim," Duke said to his companion. "See how I got away from fearless Big Joe when he trailed me to my hotel room the last time."

Duke walked to a bird cage in a corner of the room. But instead of the cage housing a canary, a white mouse was inside it, nibbling on some bread crumbs. Duke opened the door and picked up the mouse.

Joe's mind flashed back to a scene in a hotel room that had taken place over a year before. He had Duke cornered and was about to start to headquarters, when Duke pulled a white mouse from his pocket and flashed it in Joe's face. Duke had remembered when they were kids together in Smoky Hollow, and how one of Smoky Goldfogel's pet mice had run up Joe's leg. He remembered how frightened Joe had been and how he quivered even after he had shaken the mouse from his pants . . . and Big Joe was still panicky at the sight of mice. Duke escaped from the hotel while Joe was busy getting away from the mouse.

With the little rodent in his hand, Duke approached Joe. "How would you like me to put this down your neck, Copper?" he smiled.

Joe cringed as Duke held forth the mouse. He couldn't help himself. Somehow those little crawling things made him sick at the stomach. He just had a natural fear of them and that was that.

Duke brushed the mouse across Joe's face and laughed loudly as Joe almost toppled the chair backwards in an effort to avoid it.

"Here, Slim," Duke said, extending his hand toward the other crook, "you have some fun with the pride of detective headquarters. Shove that thing down his pants and he'll fly out the window."

But Slim stayed out of range. "Keep that part of yours away from me, Duke," he said. "I ain't got no likin' for them funny looks either."

Duke almost sat on the floor as he doubled up with laughter. He made a gesture as if to throw the mouse toward Slim, and Slim backed against the wall, whipping his gun from a shoulder holster.

"Cut it out, Duke! I tell you, cut it out," Slim shouted.

"And you guys are supposed to be he-men," Duke said sobering. "Neither of you would bat an eye if you had to shoot a man, or bash his head in with a blackjack, but you're afraid of mice." Duke shook his head. "It just don't make sense."

JOE felt better now that he realized other men too were afraid of mice. And his eyes showed a cunning shrewdness. Perhaps there was a way out of his predicament.

"You know, Duke," he said suddenly, "I think I've just learned a lesson. If a mouse like your partner, Slim, is afraid of mice, then I'm not. Let's see you put that thing up my pants leg and I'll prove it to you."

Duke turned suspiciously to Joe. "Getting brave, Copper?" he asked. "I've known you since we was kids and you were always afraid of mice and mice. You asked for this, so let's see you do it."

Joe struggled to control his fear as Duke bent toward his feet. It was as much as he could do to keep from screaming as Duke grabbed his leg.

It was now or never! Fighting back his fear, Joe crouched his leg free and his foot shot at Duke's hand in which he was holding the mouse.

Duke showed no surprise. The mouse flew from his hand and flopped limply on the middle of the floor.

Luckily, Joe hadn't had much time for praying, but now he was fervent in asking God to make that mouse move quickly and move nearer to Slim.

The mouse rose on wobbly legs and for a few seconds its head jerked from side to side as if it were trying to determine where it could find safety.

"Grab that thing," Slim screeched. Then his gun spat flame and the mouse fell dead, its head blown off.

THE situation had changed. Joe, he was afraid of mice . . . but not of guns or men!

Although his hands were large, they were also double jointed. Many were the times when he astonished patrons at the police station by wiggling out of a pair of handcuffs.

He freed himself quickly, and sprang on top of Duke. His swung his fist at Duke's jaw and a cracking of bones was audible.

Slim turned his gun at Joe but Joe grabbed Duke's sagging form and swung him at Slim.

The report of the gun echoed loudly in the room, and the bullet caught Duke in the middle as he slumped to the floor.

Joe wrenched the gun from the astonished Slim before he could pull the trigger again.

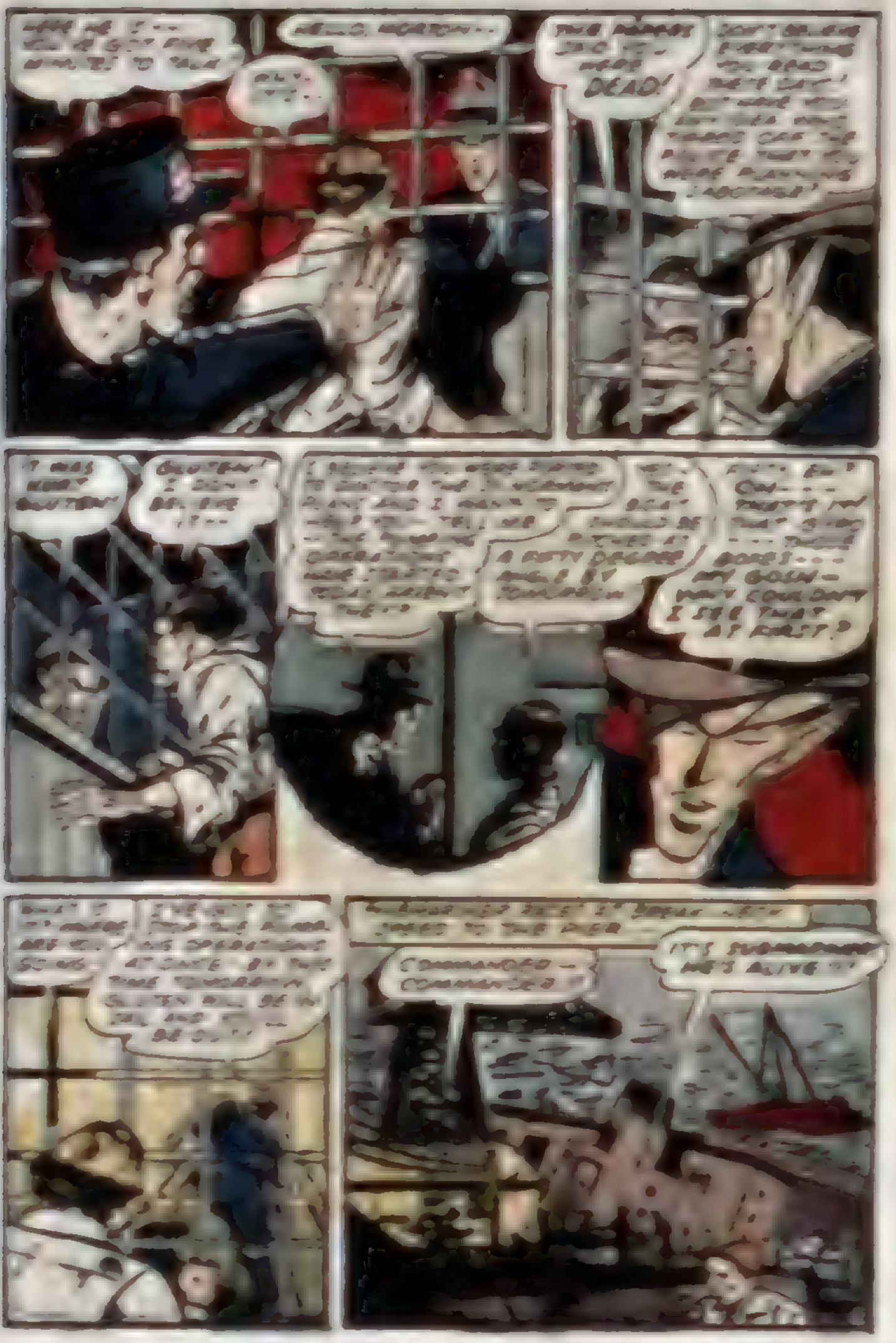
As Joe shoved Slim toward the door, he was satisfied. And why shouldn't he be? Slim's bullet had saved the city the expense of a trial—and his chances for that Sergeant's job looked good, mighty good.

THE END

SUB-MARINER
NORMAN
DEEP SEA LAIR
OF THE
MURDERING OCTOPUS

IN NEW YORK CITY - A NAVAL SALVAGE CONFERENCE!
OUR PLAN IS TO SEAL OFF COMPARTMENTS IN THE FORWARD AND AFT PARTS OF THE SHIP AND PUMP OUT THE WATER!
I SEE THEN THE SHIP SHOULD BE OUT OF THE WATER --
PRESIDENT, SUBMARINES, WE NEED YOUR HELP IN SALVAGING THE NORMANDIE. WE'RE NEAR ENOUGH!
GLAD TO HELP!
I DOUBT IF WE HAVE ALL THE PLANS FOR THE SALVAGE JOB -- MAY BRING SUBMARINE HERE IN 3
SPEED COUNT! WE MUST SUBMERGED CAN DIVE AT MUCH TIME!
ALL RIGHT COMMANDER BUT SEE THAT HE DOESN'T LOSE HIS FOREHEAD!
THE NEXT DAY AT THE PIER TURNED SALVAGE
DON'T LIKE IT FEEL OF WATER AROUND ME! I'LL PRETTY SEASICK ON THE FIRST MISSION OVER TONIC!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT... I DON'T LIKE IT EITHER BUT WE MUST DO ANY DIVING!
BUT YOU DON'T COMMANDER!
GOOD LUCK!
I DON'T LIKE THIS!
MAYBE THEY'RE AROUND THE HULL OF THE SHIP ...
NOW LET'S SEE -- DON'T BELIEVE QUITE CLEAR INTO THIS MUCK!

DANGER!
HEY! LOOK AT THAT BLACK OOZE COMING UP! BETTER CALL THE COMMANDER!
AND ABOVE ON A CARGO BARGE ---
HUH? WHAT'S THAT? SOME KIND OF BLACK SLIME --
THE COMMANDER IS BOARDING--
AND SOMEBODY IS DOWN THERE
THAT EVENING
LOOK! THERE HE IS-- BOARDING THE BARGE! THEY'VE DRAG IT MUST BE PONTCHOU!
SUBMARINE MISSING
IN THE HOME OF ROBIN WILDE ---
IT SEEMS I HAVE A GUEST FOR SUPPER! NOW I'LL JUST--
A HEM! GOOD EVENING!
NO HAIL-- HAIL, BLUTHAR -- NOW--?
A-- I SEE YOU RECOGNIZED ME-- WELL I'M NOT SURPRISED THAT WE MET--
SO I STUMBLED INTO THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING! AND NOW YOU HAVE ME HERE! WELL, TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!

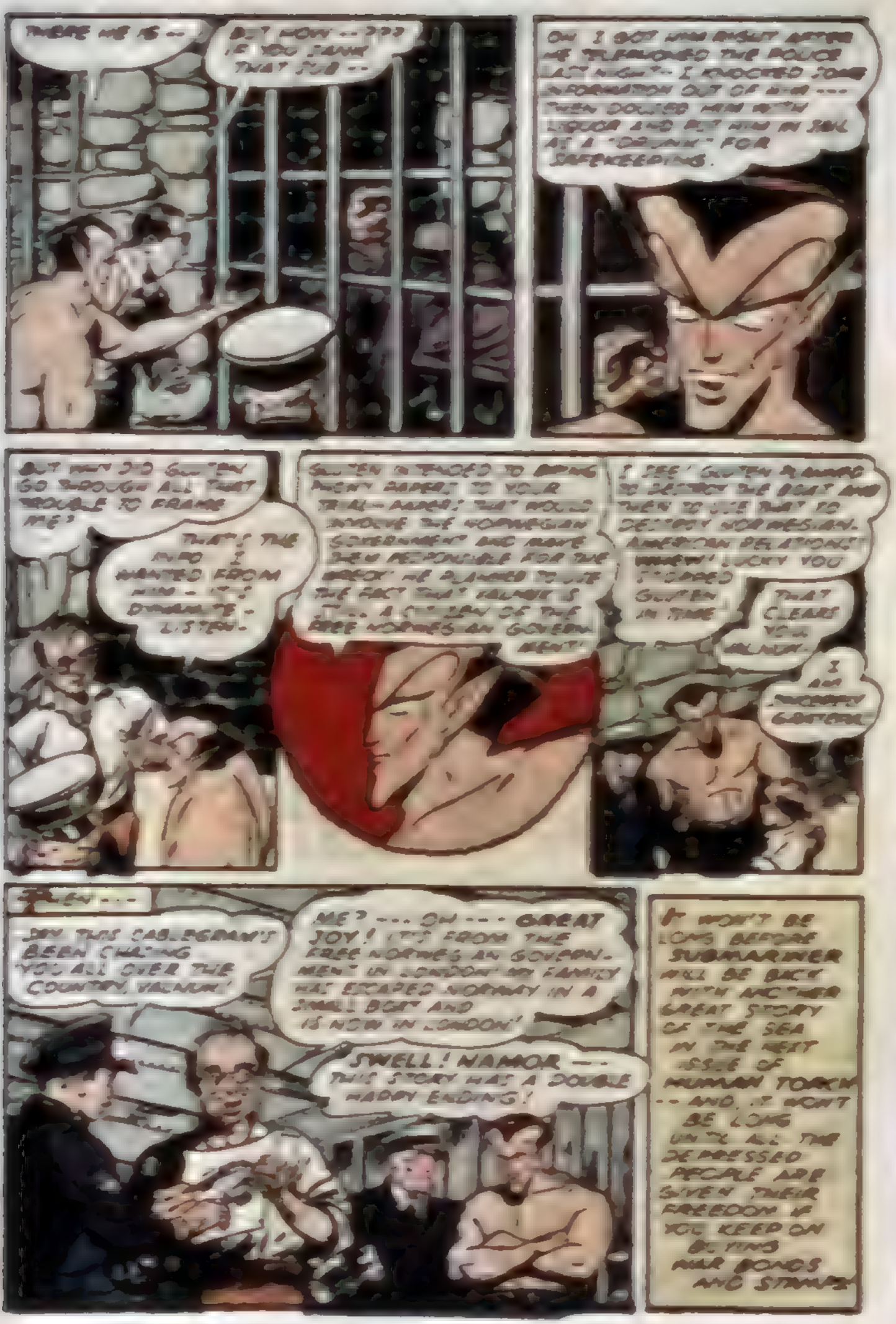


CRUNCH!

KABOOM!
I'LL BE SAFE ON THE SHIP!
GOOT!
COME ON SET OUT TO THE SUB!
WOW! WHAT A TRICK! WHERE AM I —
THIS MINE IS SET TO EXPLODE ANY SECOND... AND THE SUB IS SETTING AWAY!

LET'S SEE — THIS THING'S HELD ON BY MAGNETIC CLAMPS - I'LL PRY IT LOOSE. UNNNH —
THERE! THAT'S FIRE!
K-R-R-
PRINCE NAMOR RACES AFTER THE SUB — —
MAYBE THIS'LL BE EASIER THAN I THOUGHT — KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
THERE - NOW THEY CAN EXPLODE THE INFERNAL THING! I'M SCRAMMING!
WHILE INSIDE THE SUB —
WE ARE OUT FAR ENOUGH — IT IS TIME — NOW!
THE IGNITION IS CLOCKED — WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR, THE MINE EXPLODES BLOWING THE SUB AND THE WORLD - AS SABOTEUR SAID ETERNITY!
BOOM!

MEANWHILE BY THE S.S. NORMAN --
LOOK, SIR! AN EXPLOSION!
GOSH! THAT LOOKS AS IF A MINE HAD BEEN EXPLODED! BETTER INVESTIGATE!
--FOR --
WHAT HAPPENED?
HI, COMMANDER! HOW'D YOU LIKE THE SHOW?
SOME NAZIS HAD A MIDGET SUB BELOW -- AND A MINE ALL HOOKED UP TO THE NORMAN! BUT I MANAGED TO TURN THE TABLE ON THEM!
I WISH YOU'D CLARIFY THINGS FOR ME!
I WILL, COMMANDER -- BUT FIRST, WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN TO THE JAIL TO SEE VALNUK!
U.S.
VALNUK! OH- SO HE'S IN THIS DEEPER THAN WE'D SUSPECTED!
YOU'RE WRONG, VALNUK IS COMPLETELY INNOCENT - I'LL TELL YOU A... ABOUT THAT BEFORE WE SEE VALNUK!
WHAT!?
PRINCE HAMOR TELLS THE COMMANDER ABOUT SLUTEN AND HOW HE FORCED VALNUK TO DOCTOR THE PLANS - THEN-
COMMANDER!!! SUBMARINER!!
WELL, VALNUK WE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY --- PRINCE HAMOR EXPLAINED YOUR PART IN THIS TO ME!
BUT IF THE GUILT RESTS WITH SLUTEN, HE SHOULD BE IN JAIL -- HE'S PROBABLY OUT OF THE COUNTRY BY NOW!
NO - SIR! HE IS IN JAIL! COME-


THERE HE IS --
BUT HOW -- ??? IS YOU SAYIN' THAT SUB --
OH I GOT HIM RIGHT AFTER HE TELEPHONED THE POLICE LAST NIGHT -- I KNOCKED SOME INFORMATION OUT OF HIM -- THEN DOUSED HIM WITH LIQUOR AND PUT HIM IN JAIL AS A "DRUNK" FOR SAFEKEEPING.
BUT WHY DID GUTTEN GO THROUGH ALL THAT TROUBLE TO FRAME ME?
THAT'S THE KIND I WANTED FROM HIM -- IT'S DYNAMITE -- LISTEN.
GUTTEN INTENDED TO BRING PHONY PAPERS TO YOUR TRIAL -- PAPERS THAT WOULD INVOLVE THE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT AND MAKE THEM RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WRECK! HE PLANNED TO USE THE FACT THAT TAINUR IS NOW A CITIZEN OF THE FREE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT!
I SEE! GUTTEN PLANNED TO DESTROY THE BOAT AND THEN TO USE THAT TO DESTROY NORWEGIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS! WHEW! LUCKY YOU CAPTURED GUTTEN IN TIME!
THAT CLEARS YOU, HUMAN.
I AM INDEBTED, CAPTAIN.
-- SEN ---
SEN THIS CABLEGRAM'S BEEN CHASING YOU ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, NAMOR!
ME? --- OH --- GREAT JOY! IT'S FROM THE FREE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT IN LONDON! MY FAMILY HAS ESCAPED NORWAY IN A SMALL BOAT AND IS NOW IN LONDON!
SWELL! NAMOR --- THIS STORY HAS A DOUBLE HAPPY ENDING!
IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE SUBMARINER WILL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER GREAT STORY OF THE SEA IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HUMAN TORCH -- AND, IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL ALL THE OPPRESSED PEOPLE ARE GIVEN THEIR FREEDOM IF YOU KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

CRASHING THRU!

TO
VICTORY
WITH
ACTION-THRILLS
ADVENTURE
IN THE NEW

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ON SALE SOON!

HUMAN TORCH
Smashing
NEW YORK'S
BLACK MENACE!

TOPOH AND TOPO FLAME IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE CAVEABOUT WOLF!
OOOH, TOPOH... SUPPOSING WE'RE TOO LATE!
WHEN I KNEW HOW MUCH OF A HEAD-START THEY HAVE!
AND, AT THE GREAT BRIDGE:
CAREFUL, TOPOH! DO STUFF EXPLODEY TWO -- SET IT DOWN CLOSE TO DER BASE OF DER BRIDGE!
HERE'S THE BRIDGE TOPO --- STILL THERE!
AGH -- HOW STUPID OF COURSE! I'M TOO ANXIOUS! WE MUST KNOW DER TRUTH OUT!
WAIT, HOW NOW IF WE DESTROY DIS END OF DER BRIDGE HOO! IT'LL IT NOT FALL ON US?
ON THE RAMP ---
DID A TRUCK GO OVER DAT BR DGE IN DE LAST HALF-HOUR?
TRUCK? NO-- NO TRUCKS AT ALL THIS EVENING!
TOLL
GOOH, TOPOH, DO YOU THINK WE HAVE THE WRONG BRIDGE?
I DON'T KNOW, TOAD! HAR-R-R! WHERE WOULD YOU ATTACK A BRIDGE IF YOU WANTED TO DESTROY IT?
TOLL
FROM THE BOTTOM OF C... SAY!
RIGHT! AND THERE THEY ARE! HURRY TOPO -- BUT NO FLAME!!
GOOH, NO-- THAT STUFF BURNS TOO EASILY!

HURRY, TORCH!
BOY, AM I GLAD GABBE GOT ME INTO COMBAT!
AH! WE ARE ALMOST AWAY!
HEY! GOT HIS HAND ON THE VALVE! TORCH, WHILE I GET THOSE NAZIS, YOU DASH AHEAD AND KNOCK THAT TANK INTO THE RIVER!
RIGHT—HERE I GO! HERE WE GO!
TORCH RACES OUT—
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
WAS IST—— TORCH—NO! IT CANNOT BE!
MEIN GOTT! IT WILL EXPLODE!
IT DOES EXPLODE!
MARVELOUSLY—
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! THE HUMAN PUT IT OUT!
OH, BOY, TORCH—SAVE ME A COUPLE! IF I'D KNOWN ALL THIS CHASE WAS JUST TO PUT OUT A FIRE—I'D HAVE PUT MORE TIME IN CLEANING UP NAZIS!
SORRY, KID—THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM AND OF THE SKIRMISH!
12

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Part of Contents

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OR NO COST

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WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
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